



WOMAN'S INVENTIVE BRAIN.

Some of the Many Ingenious Devices Patented by the Gentler Sex.

A woman is said to have obtained a patent in 1799, the year of the establishment of the United States patent office, but information as to her name or the nature of her invention is not at hand. A device for straw weaving with silk and thread was patented by Mary Etes, May 5, 1800. This is the first invention by a woman mentioned in the patent office reports. The next patent granted to a woman was taken out by Mary Brush for a corset, July 21, 1815. Numerically, articles of wearing apparel, particularly the corsets, take the lead among the inventions of women up to date. Within the past 20 years women have been more active as inventors in this country than they were in all the preceding years of the century. Nearly 400 applications for patents were made by women last year. It goes without saying that no reliable estimate can be made of what percentage of that number will be granted. From the founding of our patent office to Oct. 1, 1892, inventions 3,435 in number were patented by women, of whom about 100 were foreigners or those residing in foreign countries.

A New York banker's wife some years ago devised a great idea while engaged in the simple occupation of twisting some worsted yarn. This suggestion led to a result. She finally perfected a machine for twisting wire rope, the patent of which she sold for \$60,000 in cash and a royalty upon future sales. This lady was not in need of these substantial receipts, but she sensibly turned her invention to practical account. In the invention of baby carriage, baby jumpers, trundle beds, juvenile toys and games, curtains, dish-washing appliances, washing machines and other similar domestic devices women naturally have been prolific. A simple attachment for a sewing machine was invented by Miss Helen Blanchard, and one of it she has made a fortune. A Philadelphia woman is responsible for an invention by means of which hundreds of ready-made barrels are turned out every day, while she furnishes to the sugar and oil refiners of the contents of the Palais du Luxembourg were restored.—Paris Correspondent.

In response to inquiries they informed the ushers on duty that they were a delegation come to give an official visit to the senate, which holds its sessions in the Luxembourg palace. For a few moments something akin to a general scare prevailed, and it was only when it became known that they had come to protest against the name of the so-called "Progrès," or "March of Mankind," that the equanimity and poise of mind of the denizens of the Palais du Luxembourg were restored.—Paris Correspondent.

Singular Case of Possessiveness.

A remarkable case of possessiveness and unusual development in a child is reported near Victoria, Tex. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Edmund are the parents of a 4-year-old boy, who, up to now, has never attended school, and the parents have never attempted to impart the knowledge of learning to the youngster. Some days ago the mother was tending almond from the family Bible, while the child was busy playing about the room. Suddenly the child exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, I can read like you." The mother paid no attention, but the child continued calling, repeating the sentence several times. Finally to please the young and the paroxysm took it in her lap and opened the book before him. Without the least hesitation and to the utter surprise of the amazement of the parents the child began to read passage after passage without stammering, pronouncing the most difficult of technical names with apparent ease.

Up to that time the child was not considered a very bright youngster and had not stopped his baby talk. The amazed parents did not know what to make of the suddenly developed talent and called in a physician, who was as much puzzled as they.—Minneapolis Dispatch.

His Dreams of Death Came True.

Thomas Pratt, an old resident of this city, was found dead in his bed Saturday morning. Pratt's store on College hill has long been the meeting place of a half dozen friends and old-time comrades of the prioneer. Friday night, when his friends came in, Mr. Pratt told a dream he had had the night previous. He had dreamed that he was dead, yet he possessed the power to recall that went on about him, though he was unable to move or speak. He had noted the preparations for his burial, and he even named the half dozen friends who deserved as pallbearers. He also told of the funeral services being held in the Memorial hall, and of his ride to the cemetery, and the lowering of his coffin into the grave. And when the first dirt was thrown upon the box he awoke from the trance and called to his comrades, and they drew him from the grave. The pallbearers of the dream were the pall-bearers at his burial, which was from the Memorial hall.—Valparaiso (Ind.) Dispatch.

Which Was the Dead?

Mayor Carter of Chelsea told an excellent story at a dinner one evening, it seems that there was a fair in Chelsea recently, and one of the attractions was that several persons were to dress up in such costumes as ingenuity might suggest to represent the title of some book. Then there were guesses on the name of the book which the costume was designed to represent.

One man simply had boards like the "sandwich man" on the street, one in front of him and one behind. On one of these boards was painted in conspicuous letters the word "Chicago" and on the other the word "Chelsea." Well, the guessers puzzled their heads for a long time, but could not guess the title of the book which this costume represented. Finally they gave it up and asked the "sandwich man" to tell what it was.

"The Quick and the Dead," said he.—Boston Traveller.

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Burses are absolutely painless when Dr. Wm. Witch Hazel Salve is promptly applied. This statement is true. A perfect remedy for skin diseases, chapped hands and lips, and never fails to cure piles.—J. R. Jones.

Lucy Stone's Body Cremaled.

Lucy Stone's body, which had been lying in the receiving tomb at Forest Hills cemetery, Roxbury, Mass., since Oct. 31, was cremated on recent Saturday. The ceremony, which was in accordance with her desire often expressed, was conducted with the greatest secrecy. The process of incineration occupied 4½ hours.

Boston Traveller.

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HANDSOME CLOWS FOR HOME WEAR.

The home dress on the right is of sage green crepe, with peploin bodice of flannel brown cloth, cut away in front and opening in the back. The sleeves are paneled at the center with bands of elastic. The dress in the center is a soft gown of light blue velvet, with a wide belt of white satin ribbon. The wide cap and cover are of light-colored bouillotte. The other cap, reaching to the elbow, has no sleeves. The wide cap and cover are of light-colored bouillotte. The other is also a soft gown of light gray cashmere, with purple velvet waistbands and two rows of milk lace extending down the front.

A Long Memory.

Old people often take great delight in relating to the scenes of childhood and vice with each other in early recollections. Sometimes they boast confidently that they can remember things that occurred in their infancy.

One remarkable instance of this sort of memory is recorded. In an old family Bible in a New England household, the Bible was published in 1825, and on one of its family record pages there may be read the following entry made in a trembling hand: "Nancy Ann Sturz, born on the 1st January, 1825, according to the best of her recollection."—Young's Companion.

Not His Fault.

Friend—How is business? Merchant—Bad—very bad. "Pretty bad, eh?" "Never saw it so dull. There hasn't been a day for two months that I didn't have full 10 minutes to spare for lunch!"—Punch.

A Belter.

Silas—My youngest boy has been after me to let in John the coach clipper. Von Blümner—And are you going to let him?

Silas—I should say I was. Why, they have a rehearsal every night's a week.—Brooklyn Life.

Easter Doll.

Friend—How is business? Merchant—Bad—very bad.

"Pretty bad, eh?" "Never saw it so dull. There hasn't been a day for two months that I didn't have full 10 minutes to spare for lunch!"—Punch.

A Barn Axle.

Magnus—I've got one of the best jailors in my building that you ever saw.

Blümner—Have you? In what way?

Magnus—Why, the other day he let me borrow some of my own coal from him.—Hullo!

Courteous.

Employer—William, did Mr. Shorte pay that bill?

Clark—No, he didn't pay, but he very politely invited me to call as often as I found convenient.—Boston Transcript.

Cigar Application.

"Cigars, my friend," said the man who doesn't smoke, "are harmful and vicious."

"Well," said the man who smokes, "I'm doing my level best to reduce their number."—Harper's Bazaar.

The Train.

He came from where he started.

All was quiet where he came.

He hasn't had a meal of road—

Never seen a scene.

He never even numbered once.

Tell me to eat to talk,

And when he left the kitchen door.

He took the garden walk.

He said, "There's no one with me,

Because I am alone.

I might have committed ones.

My clothes have always shown.

I like to be the same ones.

Because I start first.

The system I took sharply.

Because I'm dressed the worst."

Then I took him where he came from.

This was just before we started—

And he started indifferently.

"Oh, I come from where I started."

—Chicago Mail.

Different Aspects.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and a philosopher or group of philosophers are rarely if ever appreciated in the ordinary mob. The truth of these aphorisms is illustrated by an incident which occurred recently in the Grand Central station.

Three gentlemen stood chatting there while waiting for a train, when one, glancing down, noticed at his feet two-thirds of a cigarette.

"Ah," said he, "the lady came early—earlier than expected, and the fellow had no opportunity to finish his smoke."

"No," remarked another. "The chances are that she was late in keeping the appointment. He thought he would smoke just one more, and then give waiting up as his last job. But she comes before he had taken half a dozen drags."

"I believe you are both wrong," said the third. "This is a case without a lady. He was either a beginner and couldn't stand any more, or he dropped it by accident and was too proud to pick it up."

Each one of the three men was sure his speculation was right, or at least argued in support of it. And what a fruitful source of argument! Three-quarters of a cigarette will furnish the persons have sufficient intelligence to stimulate trend of thought.

At a short distance from the group were two other philosophers, boys under 15, given to speculation. They watched the animated conversation and observed that the gentleman had pointed to the direction of his finished cigarette.

After a brief interval one of them said: "What do you see them three gentlmen?"

"Nothing. They're right in over a pile of a cigarette."

"What's that you say?"

"Did you cry?"

"Did you laugh?"

"Did you cry?"

"What did you do?"

"Wants to sleep."—Good News.

A Mental Reservation.

"What do you think Mr. Blodgett said to me yesterday?" said one girl.

"I don't know," replied the other.

"He assured me I might hope to become my wife through the vicissitudes of life."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him 'Yes.' But I spelled it 'gored.'"—Washington Star.

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